

Rose's lips are stretched around Jack's cock, coating it with spit, working him harder and faster, when there's a tap at the door.

She groans with embarrassment. The vibrations make him echo the sound.

The maid walks in with barely a glance at the tableau being played out. She deposits the tea tray on the dresser and says, "Shall I pour?"

"Yeah, thanks," the Doctor says, slapping Rose's ass as if he was getting paid for it. She's squirming and squealing, and her face is as hot as this end.

"Sir," the maid says, "if you don't mind me saying, it's going to be hard for you to drink your tea while you're spanking your lady. Would you like me to take over for you?"

The Doctor's lips curve wickedly. Oh, he likes the maid, whoever she is.

Rose will be so mortified.

Rose will be so *wet*.

"Right, good idea. Here." He lifts Rose as if she weighed next to nothing, and moves just enough for the maid to slip into the chair. He lowers Rose onto her lap and hands her the paddle.

"You want a coffee, Jack?"

"Sure."

The maid begins spanking Rose, picking up the Doctor's rhythm perfectly.

She's not wearing a bra, the Doctor notices. The sunlight through her shirt outlines her breasts perfectly. They bounce slightly as she flails. Her red hair is pulled back in a neat bun.

He wonders how it would look spread on a pillow.

He thinks about spreading other things, too.

A sudden yelp distracts him, and he looks over at the two men, drunk and open-mouthed, watching from the doorway. The maid's soft laughter brings him back, and they grin at each other across the room. She fingers Rose's slit open, giving the men a good look, and holds it long enough for them to fumble out their cells and snap a couple of shots.

She's good, the Doctor thinks, she's *very* good, and applauds as she deftly flips the paddle and slides the thick, smooth handle into Rose's

pussy.

Every time she pumps, Rose moans.

So does Jack.

So does their audience, and that grin on Jack's face isn't just from approaching orgasm--the noise from the hall has alerted Rose that she's on display.

She screams with anger, coming like a rocket and tipping Jack over the edge.

Too weak to move yet, she dangles across the maid's lap, gasping for breath. The redhead grabs a thigh and pulls her legs further apart, letting the two men photograph the strings of come drooling from her cunt.

A moment later, when Rose starts struggling to her feet, the Doctor saunters over and shoves the door shut in their faces. "Show's over," he drawls.

Jack catches Rose as she staggers upright, and helps her into the bathroom. He hasn't bothered zipping his jeans. The Doctor and the maid watch their exit appreciatively, then smile warmly at each other.

"Thank you for tea," he says. "The service was excellent."

"Thank you, sir. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

He doesn't bother answering. Her smile widens.